WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1852.

TERMS. Two dollars per annum, payable in advance.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines inserted three All communications to the Exa, whether on business

of the paper or for publication, should be addressed to G. BAILEY, Washington, D. C.

BUELL & BLANCHARD, PRINTERS, Sixth street, a few doors south of Pennsylvania aven

# WASHINGTON, D. C. RANK AND NOBILITY.

A STORY-BY JEANNE MARIE.

Translated for the Era, by Dr. Edwin A. Atles. It is one of the purest surprises, when, on th way to an honorable aim, we meet with one whom we can esteem and love, and in this manner attain a certainty of agreement whiel till then we had rather doubted. Such sym pathizing openness builds a firm bridge over the deepest chasm that separates two persons. Erika felt this. Wonderful indeed it was, that Adrian labored with her to aid in breaking up connection that might be called akin to her with him, if such in reality existed, and by the rapture of his brother's bond they obviated the weaving of a similar one. In this step, how-ever, they went hand in hand, and this satisfied Erika. "He thinks honorably," thought

not alike, and the laws that are of force with some have no importance with others."

"If Adrian's—if your brother's advice has been of no avail," said she to Edmund, "mine will hardly have influence with you. It must

she; "it could not be otherwise. But men are

be that his has had weight." Edmund had not time to answer. Count Eisheim entered the room, and Erika, as was her custom, read her father's thoughts in his face, and, with emotion, asked what had dis-

Nothing particular," Eisheim answered. only, to-morrow very early I must go to Es chen. There have been robberies of wood committed, and some of my people on duty of watching have suffered considerable injury. Lorentz is said to have received a mortal wound. A master's eye must see to what is right there, and his regulating hand interfere. Heavens!" cried Erika, "and must you go

Be not uneasy," answered the Count, smi ling. "I go alone, to return soon and take thee, if then it shall be thy wish. I cannot desire it of thee, and indeed find it in no wise suitable for thee to leave thy acquaintances here, without bidding them farewell. I think it best for thee to go, a short time, to thy pa-

Erika showed no objection, and did not in-sist on accompanying her father, though she couldnot account for the ground of her com-

Count was occupied with a new idea, and cautiously asked the painter if he had a desire to nd would go with him there.

"Von know I wanted your advice, dear Mill ler, and if you have no ties here, then "Go," said Erika, interrupting the Count; accompany my father. In Eschen you will have time to collect yourself, and—your brother will approve of your absence."

Edmund's soul was filled with bitterness. It

was equal to him whither he went. He bowed assent, though tears filled his eyes. "Are you a man ?" said Erika.

The Count understood nothing of this.
"To-morrow, at eight o'clock," added he.
"I will come," Edmund forced himself to say "Only be firm." said Erika; and they sepa

nation, obtained it.
Edmund found his brother hurriedly pacing

"I have been waiting for you here, to tell thee that I go to-morrow, very early, to Rosen-hof, to bring Lucie home. Mother is sick, and

needs a female attendant. "And I go with Count Eisheim, to Eschen answered Edmund. But his voice trembled as much as Adrian's was firm.

"I am glad thou bast a mind to tear thyself Erika also advised me to the journey. She

"And she is right." But he spoke in a low tone, and Edmund

left without bidding adieu.

Duke Reichsfeld was one of those parents who believe that their children will never come of age, and whether they have the good or ill luck to possess such a son as Hyppolith, think that no good comes of anxious solicitude for this mature growth. Such was the Duke's thought, on the night when, to honor his darling, he had got up the grand festival; and this on was suddenly missed, and not anywhere to be found. Quick as lightning the news spread that the young Prince had disappeared; the company, in great alarm, suddenly broke

up. Reichsfeld, full of doubts, ran to and fro in the splendid rooms, now left empty as by a magic spell, and asked every guest going in or out, when and how they had last seen his son. Even Adrian's intelligence was incompetent to calm the old nobleman. He spent the night under the most sorrowful imaginings and most exciting expectations; and at Hyppolith's re-turn, next morning, he found his father, with distorted features, quite overpowered, but soon. by his well-known voice encouraged him to be pleased with all the world. The reproaches pleased with all the world. The reproaches and endearments with which he was alternately greeted, did not disturb him. He found it only painful, by a natural step of independence, to have caused so great an uproar, but secretly gave himself credit for an intention to go more productive of the control of t prudently to work in future, and to ch hof. This time, however, did not come; for Hyppolith saw himself restricted and watched in all his steps, however evasive they might be. On the one hand, the sharp lookout of Adrian on the one hand, the sharp lookout of Adrian never ceased for a moment; on the other, he was ever beset by the anxiety of his father. To these was added, that despite his bodily strength and iron nerves, the consequences of the night under Lucie's window were not unfelt by him, and for a day or two the strong the light under Lucie's window were not unfelt by him; and for a day or two the strong young man was prostrated by a severe cold. Deceit was not in Hyppolith's character, and by a man of honor. Lucie loves me with sisting a little color of the lower man of honor. Lucie loves me with sisting a little color of the lower man of honor. Lucie loves me with sisting a little color of the lower mechanism, and the application of form, of mechanism, are hence among the very "FIRST LESSONS" to be provided for the young, whether a school or at home. By a slate and pencil just as little patience; but now, when he was chained to inactivity, and feared that after his recovery he should be followed and watched at every step, he suddenly hit upon a plan of deance from slavery; and, as soon as it was gnorant, confiding, and happy that his son had a taste for the pleasures of the world, Dake Reichsfeld coincided with Hyppolith's wishes, and the sleigh-ride to Rosenhof was wishes, and the sleigh-ride to Rosenhof was planned, the Duke naturally concluding that the Entrepreneur should go himself thither, to arrange arrange everything for a large company. Hyppolith's way to the village, two miles distant had nothing to interfere; and as he sent his servants on with some commissions, he must now succeed in seeing his long-wished-for object, and concerting the second servants. ject, and concerting an elopement.

Without obtaining admittance into the parsonage-house he could not expect it, for Lucie was prudently watched, and he feared lest he should alarm her by too hasty an advance. He therefore again had recourse to a letter, and the contingency of the country girl who had once been of such eminent service to him, and already realized a secret present from him.

THE NATIONAL ERA IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SEVENTS of the world, far from continued annoyance live only to love."

But she answered him: "I cannot, dare not, follow thee-I have given my word to Adrian. Since it gives thee pain, let us not see each other again. Give me up, Hyppolith, and fulfil thy duty."

"I give thee up—not see thee again?" wrote Hyppolith. "Thou canst never desire this. It has no meaning. Take courage, Lucie: thy conscience may feel easy, since thou dost not break thy word to Adrian when I obstinately demand admittance to thee, and I have pron ised him nothing. I will, I must see thee. My patience is exhausted. Let me once hold thee to my heart, and I will be strong to resist fate. Have compassion on me.

Lucie had hardly time to read these line brought by Hedwig, when the door flew open, and the writer himself, in passionate haste, fol-

"Compassion!" cried he, falling at her feet Compassion. I will endure this life no longer. Thou art my light, my breath; I am lost without thee. Lucie, hast thou no word, no single word, for me !"

Lucie lay weeping in Hedwig's arms. Her resistance was overcome, her strength forsook

"Hyppolith," stammered she, "thou wilt in us both. Let me die alone: I have a wish to die. Only free thyself."

"And what danger threatens me hereat thy feet? Here all earth is mine, here nothing can harm me. O, I feel myself so powerful, so superhumanly strong, that I could contend with the powers of heaven and hell." "The people in the house will hear thee, will petray thee, and thou canst not dare to come

"I will not come again to this hiding-place, skulking as if our love, honorable and pure. shunned the light of the world. I will take thee with me, and before all who hear me will I proclaim thee as my bride. Yes, Lucie, thou

shalt be mine, remain mine, even if heaven and earth had sworn opposition." "Stop!" suddenly thundered a voice that made the blood of Hyppolith and Lucie curdle Leave my sister free, Prince Hyppolith. And

dost thou thus keep thy word, Lucie?"
Adrian, who was never known to be in a tumult of passion, stood serious and austere, as if sculptured in bronze, a terrible judge before Ashamed and humbled, Lucie's eyes fell before the glance of her brother's; while Hyppolith, in bold posture, turning to his friend, said:

Hear me, Adrian, ere thou condemnest "I know enough in order to act. Hyppo lith, you have scorned the entreaties of your friends, have not regarded the well-meant counsels of an older man, have not spared the reputation of an innocent maiden.

"Enough!" cried Hyppolith. "This is the first time that I have entered the house—but a few moments have I been at her feet." Adrian's features brightened. A noble res

olution sat on his unclouded brow. He stood phance.

Edmund, who was a mute witness of this conversation, believed that now would be a suitable moment to recommend himself. The Count was occupied with a payride.

The lieve you, Hyppolith, and thank you for the forbearance you have manifested toward my sister, whom from this time forth thou wilt leave sacred and untouched. Us to the country erect, and with firm voice answered—

"I believe you, Hyppolith, and thank you for the forbearance you have manifested toward my sister, whom from this time forth thou wilt leave sacred and untouched." lieved you might venture to take her by storm : examine the old Rembrandts in Eschen Palace, and till now I thought it advisable to conceal as a wall against your impetuous proceedings. You believed Lucie to be free, were confident of her love, hoped to possess her; and I must, with one stroke, annihilate your hopes. Lucie is the bride of another."

"Lucie the bride of another!" cried Hyppo With eager attention both Lucie and he fol-

lowed these words of Adrian; at the conclusion of which, the maiden uttered a loud, piercing shriek, and fell into Hedwig's arms, who was present as the unnoticed witness of the scene, and supported the sinking one.
"This is a shameful cheat," cried Hyppolith.

"Moderate your words, your Highness," con-tinued Adrian, calmly. "Lucie is from this hour the affianced of a man whom you respect. for whom you feel friendship, whose endeavor it has been to confirm this respect, to merit this friendship."

"I know not one for whom I have these feel who is nearer, and who trembles no less for her honor; who will be no less careful to guard

her from any treachery."
"Lucie not thy sister!" asked Hyppolith frantic in look and tone, and hurriedly running his hand through his long black hair. "Thou her betrothed! Have I another head? Adrian, it whirls most fearfully."

"Will your Highness hear me?" continued Adrian, dismissing Hedwig with a sign. "And thou, Lucie, rise up, look into my eyes, and be firm. It is the last will of my father which I reveal. He gave it in charge to me not to break the seal till the right hour. This hour is come which is to decide all the future for us; there

fore truth demands it." Lucie leaned her face, tear-bedewed and pale, on the cushion of the sofa, before which she had sunk on her knees. Hyppolith stood motionless, his looks staringly fixed on the floor, and, though at rest, was a wild, frantic, sor-

history is short, Lucie. My father found thee in the wilderness, pining, freezing—a new-born babe, wrapped in rags—and took thee with him. When he brought thee home, he found confusion and affliction reigning there. Mother lay unconscious upon her bed of sorrow, and a dead child in her arms. As yet she knew not her fate—accident saved her from this pang. Father laid the strange child state of stupor, there smiled on her from thy eyes a life of joy. The deception remained concealed from mother until this day. She loved the stranger child as her own. I alone shared father's secret; and his command, not to inform mother of it till necessary, I have held sacred. A self-reproach tormented her, and made her fear the punishment of God, and in the death of her own child acknowledged the just sentence of the Lord. There are fixed ideas that may poison the life, not only of an individual, but of his neighbor. With such a fixed idea mother had to conflict. The thought left her not, that for her own fault she should lose her children while young, and that, in the death of the first, the chain of unhappy circumstances would be riveted. Lucie's coming here has remained undiscovered. But business; now, when it is our duty to save her honor, her peace, and future life. I believe I have an earlier, greater claim on this maiden than you, Hyppolith, and declare her my bride.

to establish her happiness."
Adrian was silent. So remained Hyppolith, and nothing was heard but the sobs of Lucie. But how different was the silence of these two men, both contending with the most powerful feelings. In Adrian's silence there was an imposing dignity, a power of self-control; in Hyppolith's doubt was prominent. Thus they stood for a few minutes face to face. Then Hyppolith is a silence to face. word hurried out of the door, and in a few

moments was heard to gallop off.

"Shocking, shocking!" groaned Lucie, pressing her hand to her heart. "It will break."

"Courage, courage, Lucie," cried Adrian, raising her up. "God will help."

When Erika awoke on the morning follow ing the theatre evening, she heard her father busied in his room, and hastily dressed to go over to him. A look from the window cor

him, to beg that he will take me with him. But then we may never come back here-and

Erika still stood lingering at her father's door, for the first time in her life wavering and uncertain, when suddenly Edmund came up

"He remains fixed," thought Erika: "I will be so too." And after a hearty "good morn-ing," both entered the Count's chamber. Eisheim was waiting. He was used to punc-tuality; and there was little time left for Erika

to plan, much less to act, the father seemed so urgent. Her altered resolution was not agree-able to him; he liked no delay in his business; and Erika gave up her hasty resolution. The carriage was ready, the Count embraced his daughter, and the painter's sorrowful face told how hard it was for him to take his leave Both men stepped in, and as soon as Erika found herself alone, and no longer heard the rattling of the travelling coach, she felt a strange anxiety of mind, as if she had lost he father forever, and, spreading her arms to-wards him, burst into tears. She did not understand herself, accused herself of having been unjust to her father, of baving requited his frankness with dissimulation, his goodness with ingratitude. She could have run after him, clung to the wheels that bore him along. to entreat him to take her with him. Her feelings rose to such a height, that she feared she must die from anxiety if she remained longer alone; and wrapping herself in her fur cloak, and drawing her warm hood deep over her face, so that no person should know her, she determined to go to the Minister's lady.

### [TO BE CONTINUED.] ISCARIOT CHURCH.

Call, call a matchless architect, And fre his breast with praise and gold

Bid him with piercing eyes inspect All shrines and temples, new and old. Mote and displace, for many a rood, The social hearth or fresh green sod, And raise, of costliest stone and wood, Man's noblest work-A HOUSE FOR GOD

Let next a stoled and solemn train Move pacing up the spacious aisle, And set apart from things profane, With lofty rites, the gorgeous pile. Lo, there the grave chief shepherd stands

And asks of HIM who rules above To bless the gift of mortal hands, This fruit of Christian faith and love Bring now that quick, loud auctioneer,

Made keen by practice, rich by fees, And let rejoicing demons hear Your gospel taught in words like these Who buys good seats with sins forgiven? Who scorns the poor, but longs for grace

Who bids for an exclusive's heaven? The weightiest purse, the foremost place ! One fit to preach where such men pray, Full prompt to spread a goodly feast

Of sacred things for all who-pay. Let him talk much of right and wrong, Hope, judgment, truth, in tones most sweet, t of a worldly throng:

REHOLD ISCARIOT'S CHURCH COMPLETE

They are from the pen of Rev. James Gilborn Lyons, of Philadelphia. They doubtless "mean something," as the Knickerbocker observes. As a fitting contrast to them, we beg leave to present the following.

For the National Era.

## THE FREE CHURCH

Lines addressed to the Free Church worshipping in Bracken county, Kentucky, by a young lady who

We are indeed but few; But then the clasp of every hand

There is a secret golden chain. That binds us to each other; While each one speaks a kindly word

Shedding a gloomy pall; Hate may pour upon us ever

But we'll cling unto each other

Closer in each darkening hour; Nor will we forget our brother,

Wouldst thou hear its name. That in the darkest hour finds us Still, still the same?

Tis a gracious boon that's given, Pure and holy, from above, To guide us on our way to Heaven

'Tis Jesus' love.

Bracken County, Ky., June 16, 1852.

## DEMOCRACY OF SCIENCE.-No. 5

and circle, are the "ALPHABET OF MECHANISM. Made, combined divided, applied, and carried out to their full extent, they embrace the architecture of the heavens and of the earth, of the Creator of human beings, birds, insects, and

man vision.

The elements of mechanism are not only as widespread as the universe of matter, bu they are used by every human being in every motion and every act during his whole life The cutting of our food is a mechanical act, exhibiting great diversity of skill in different in-

over the entire universe, and in constant use by every human being, and myriads of beings not human, "The Democracy of Science" requires that a knowledge of these elements should be universally diffused. By the infinite wisdom and boundless goodness of the Creator, now is the time to break silence, and enter on these elements, like the elements of all practiat school or at home. By a slate and pencil for their instruments, and a few simple figures

for their copies, the youngest pupils become

SELF-INSTRUCTORS" in acquiring the elements of all knowledge. As they advance in knowledge every step of progress becomes easier, stronger, more delightful, than the one preceding it. This whole subject is strongly and beautifully exhibited in Baron Cuvier, whose discoveries formed a new era in the history of science. While engaged in his vast researches and won the content of the profestion symmetry. derful developments of the perfection, symmetry and harmony of all created things, he often and harmony of all created things, he often referred with peculiar satisfaction to the circumstance that when a very little boy his mother encouraged him in drawing (MECHANISM) and the study of objects around him. To this single circumstance the whole world is indebted for some of the most striking exhibibitions of the glorious and unfathomable perfections of Him who is watched the mountain. fections of Him who "weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance."

Juvenile products of mechanism furnish good, perhaps the very best, materials for re-ciprocation between pupil and pupil, family and family, school and school, city and city,

behind, alone, among people quite strangers to me! Whence was my obedience, yesterday— Washington from the schools of New York, to whence my acquiescence? Away at once to be distributed by Members of Congress and Formal Formal Research (Congress and Formal Research (Congress) an be distributed by Members of Congress and Foreign Ministers to various parts of this country, and to some parts of other countries. From the same schools, through similar mediums, many thousand specimens have been distribut ted within a few years past. In return, many beautiful specimens of juvenile skill have been sent from the young hands and generous hearts in our National Metropolis to kindred spirits in the Empire City. This plan of production and reciprocation, aided by the public press and public functionaries, now culisted both by

> From the Friend of Youth. WHY THE FATHER BEGAN TO DRINK, AND WHY HE LEFT OFF DRINKING

PART I. "What is the matter, Charley, boy " said a young lady to a little curly three-year old, who came crying into the parler, where she sat sewing, holding his two chubby hands against his head. "What is the matter! There, be a little man! Don't cry so! Hush up, and tell sister what hurt Charley."

"Charley fall down—bump head!" sobbed the little fellow, leaning the "bumped head"

on his sister's lap.

"Oh, Charley mustn't mind that! See, Charley is sister Margaret's brave boy, and brave boys don't cry when they hurt their heads! There, let sister kiss it, and make it well! Now, isn't it better !"

She wiped his tear-sprinkled face with her handkerchief, after she had given the healing kiss, and shaking her finger reguishly at Charley, surprised him into a laugh. He slid down, and ran off to his play. But he did not play long. He grew tired of his marbles, and rolled them away from him into the farthest corner of the nursery. Then he lay down on the floor, and shut his eyes. His nurse, seeing that he was very sleepy, took him up, and laid him on

Margaret sat in the parlor, sewing, very happily. She was thinking what a sweet little brother she had-what a "well-spring of pleasure" in the great house, the dear laughing boy was. Her mother had died when Charley was a very little baby, and Margaret had ever since taken a mother's care of him. She did not, however, love him so very much as his father did. He could scarcely bear to have Charley out of his sight for a moment, when he was in the house. The boy seemed to be the only thing that had comforted him after the little finger. They were not envious of their brother; for they, too, loved him. Who does not pet a pretty baby—especially a motherless

The alabaster clock on the marble mantelpiece rung for twelve, just as two girls came skipping in, fresh from school. They peeped in upon their sister, and ran away to hang up their white sun-bonnets.

one who was about nine years old Hush! you mustn't make a noise, or you'l wake him up. He has just gone to sleep. A quick, impatient ring at the door an-nounced their father, who always came home

from his store to an early dinner with his chil-"Where's Charley ?" was his first question too, when he came into the parlor.
"He is taking a little nap father," said Mar

garet, cheerfully. "Whew' what did you let him go to sleep just now, for? You know I always want him to frolic with, when I come in from my business! Is he sick?" he added, with a suddenly

changed tone.

"Oh, no, father; he was only sleepy a little earlier than usual, and I thought I wouldn't try to keep him awake."
"I don't like it at all," said the father,

throwing a discontented glance on his two little girls, who had drawn as near him as they dared, and were looking lovingly into his face. "Go and get ready for dinner, children," he said, noticing that their curly heads were tum-

When he sat down at the dinner table, the sight of the little plate at his right hand, with a spoon in it, a mug before it, and a high chair behind it, seemed to take away all his appetite. "Margaret, I'm going to wake up that boy!"

he said, rising from his seat.
"Oh, why, father? I wouldn't!" "It is nonsense to have him going to sleep this hour—the only one, between morning and night, in which I can see him! Besides, I am

So the father went into the nursery and Margaret followed him, half amused, half provoked, at what she thought his needless anx-

The blinds had been shut, so that the large room was almost dark. The father lifted up a lace fly-net, which fell in graceful folds around the crib, and looked at the child silently for a moment. He had not the roses on his cheek that had been in bloom there an hour before ; he lay, with one round arm over his head, still and pale, with heavy, dark purple circles around his half-shut eyes. "This child is sick, Margaret!" said her

father, tremulously.
"He was well half an hour ago," whispered

Margaret, doubtfully.

"Charley, my darling! wake up!" said his father, gently kissing his hot forehead.

Charley did not move, nor open his eyes. He breathed quickly and strangely.

"Charley, my boy! Charley!" cried the father, shaking him, to arouse him.

The child just moved his eyelids, with nurmur of pain, and then settled back into that strange stupor of sleep.
"Send for Dr. H—, Margaret!" exclaimed

the father, huskily, catching up the child in Rose and Abby, the two little sisters, ran all the way to the office of Dr. H—, and told him, as well as their crying would let them, to make haste, and come that minute, for sweet

little brother was very sick! Dr. H—— came immediately, and shook his head with sad surprise, when he saw the little minutes after.

He has had some fall!" he said. "He has never had a hard fall!" answered

That is the cause!" said the doctor, seri But, doctor, he was at his play again in The fall has produced congestion of the

brain, I fear," said the physician, in a low tone, as he turned, with a sigh, to the almost useless task of writing a prescription. He had known the dear child from his birth, and saw very well how the happiness of the family was bound up

world again. He lay several days in this stupor, never reviving so far as to know his lather's face, which bent over him every hour, haggard and wild with agony. Then he fell into a deeper sleep—a sleep from which no physician ever tries to waken any one—a calmer, paler, colder sleep than the other had been. Charley, my dear children, was dead.

His dear little body was strewn with roses, his dear little body was strewn with roses, her seeked off with it under her little body.

"I shall at length succeed in escaping from my prison-keeper," he wrote to Lucie, "and come to the determined to endure no longer. Flee with me. Let us in another part of the length me. Let us in another part of the length me. Let us in another part of the length me. Let us in another part of the length me. Let us in another part of the length me. Let us in another part of length me. The carriage stood ready at the door, and good, perhaps the very best, materials for reshable from him.

I he carriage stood ready at the door, and good, perhaps the very best, materials for reshable from him.

Frederic on the step, tucking a pair of wine diprocation between pupil and pupil, family she had all what she has retailed as facts, from kled with the saddest tears of Margaret and city, shawl, to share it with a married sister, who lived in a neighboring street.

Mr. L — impatiently called his children.

The carriage stood ready at the door, and good, perhaps the very best, materials for reshable, the poor creatures who hang about hotels in the other sisters. The father did not shed any lived in a neighboring street.

Mr. L — impatiently called his children.

The carriage stood ready at the door, and sled with the saddest tears of Margaret and kled with the saddest tears of Margaret and kl

Power which had taken, a second time, his dearest treasure on the earth. Oh, if he had heads; others were tossing their arms about, the Times, and the Weekly Argus—papers as but thought, as Margaret thought, when she laughing shrilly, making most foolish speeches. vile and slanderous as ever issued from the leaned over the sweet, still face, half blinded or using great, swelling oaths; some were drinkby her tears, to take a last look, that Charley ing the last dregs of the empty bottles that was not there, to be shut away from their strewed the table. One, a young man, lay, hic-sight, and laid in the ground—that he had gone cuping and stuttering, on a lounge, evidently too falsehoods. There are well nigh as many to be with his dear, blessed mamma in heaven- far gone to sit up. Their father did not look gross lies as there are paragraphs. It is no use if he had thought thus, perhaps he would have so drunk as the rest; but his face was red and

pleasure and obligation, for advancing the work, most surely tends, not to the consolidation but diffusion of knowledge; not to the despotism but democracy of science, of wealth, of government, of religion, of all human blessings.

Charley with him; to have frelicked with him, petted him, and perhaps spoiled him for that happy world. He felt as though the great Father in heaven was his enemy, and had done him all the evil in His power. He said, bit-

"I care for nothing, now. There is nothing worth living for! Fate—you may call it Providence if you will, Margaret—has done its worst! I have nothing more to hope for or fear in this life!

Poor man! his heart threw away, as it seemed, all his dear girls, who loved him so much, and would so willingly have comforted him! He would not stay to be comforted by them. He could not find comfort anywhere, with his rows. He began to drink a great deal of wine, and sometimes even stronger drink; until, in less than a year, the once highly-respected, the talented Mr. L—bore the name of a drunk-death!

The ears of the lattier, in the midst of his revenue and slanders Mr. Judd and his family by name, puts an infamous falsehood into the mouth of Mr. T. Coan, and has a sling ard. He was not yet a common sot, wallowing about the streets and gutters; but he seemed on the high road to that state. He still kept up some appearances of respectability, and did not beat his children-only scolded them when he was intoxicated. But even the youngest of them soon saw that a great change had come over their papa and their dear home.

PART II. "Sister," said Rose to Margaret, one day, please, why won't you buy me that muslin ress for examination?

"My dear," said Margaret, sadly. "I have o money for new dresses now." But why don't pa give you some, like he

"As he used to, my dear, you should say "Yes, what makes pa so cross and curious? said little Abby, coming up to them. The other day he made me sit up in his lap, and drink some of that bad medicine he drinks all the time. I didn't like it a bit. Then, by and by, he pushed me right away, and let me fall on the floor, and told me to go along off and let bim alone. Margie, what ails pa?

Margaret had stopped the fine stitching which she had been holding close to her eyes, and had leaned her face on her hand. Rose loss of his dearly-loved wife. He had three and Abby were surprised to see tears flowing affectionate girls; but he did not love them, all together, so much as he loved his idol Charley's cry before, except after mother and little Charley died. They felt like crying, too, from sympathy; and little Abby threw her arms around her neck, and hugged her with all her little might, to coax her not to feel so bad."

Margaret very soon wiped her eyes, lifted her head, and looked kindly on them.
"I cannot tell you now, dear children," she said, faintly. "Go to school, be good girls, and to-night you shall go with me to hear a

Rose and Abby went away wondering, and wondered on until evening. Then, their sister dressed them in their Sunday frocks and bonnets, and took them out with her, to a large Hall, which they found crowded almost to over lowing with people.

very carnestly to the people. Rose and Abby listened very eagerly but could not hear much at first, the people kept laughing so often, and then stamping with their feet; while others, though only a few, tried to hiss. At last, the crowd became more silent; the lecturer began to imitate a poor drunken man, staggering

till he seemed more like a beast than a human being; then suddenly he straightened himself up, and turning his eyes full on his audience, exclaimed—

"Who, that can be a man, will make himself a brute like that! A brute like men who are stumbling about your own city streets, just for the sake of the drink that is deadly fire to the body and to the soul? Don't say to yourselves, 'I don't drink vulgar gin and rum; I have my wine and brandy!' Poison—soulpoison is in both! and he who begins with the one, in the parlor, may look well to his steps,

lest he end with the other in the gutter!"

Rose and Abby looked timidly around at their sister. Margaret had dropped her thick black veil over her eyes. They thought they felt her trembling, and wondered if she could be crying again, there in meeting too. But they turned their heads quickly again, for the man had begun to talk to children.

He told them of the good one little child might do—of the good many children had done, in coaxing their fathers or brothers to sign the Total Abstinence Pledge. He talked to them of the danger they ran, if they ever formed the habit of tasting the poison, and begged them and warned them never to suffer a drop to pass

their lips.

After he had finished, he led a little girl forward on the stage, who was not much larger than Abby. She was a very sweet singer; her voice rang out like a young bird's, as she sang a temperance song. It was the language of a drunkard who is signing the pledge. Every verse ended with these words:

"No-no-no-no" When the last verse was finished, she made a pretty courtesy, took her father's hand, and was lifted off the stage. Rose and Abby, who

had been holding their breath with delight to hear her, dropped back into their seats, looking very meaningly at each other.

A number of papers were now passed around, one of which Margaret took, and wrote her name upon it. As she lifted her veil, Rose saw

that her cheeks were burning red.
"What is it, Margie!" she whispered Won't you write my name?" "It was the pledge not to drink wine, or rum, ranything that has alcohol in it, (except as a nedicine.) that I signed," said Margaret, as

they turned from the crowded side-walk into a Oh, sister! why didn't you put our names

down ? "It was only for those over twelve years Margaret. "This morning, he just tripped his age; and neither of you is so old."

"But he said little children ought to be 'temperance,'" urged Rose. "I don't see why he don't let them write their names too!"

"There will be a children's society, perhaps, said Margaret, as they reached home. She stopped on the steps, and rang the bell. "Don't say anything to your father about

this," she whispered.

The next Sabbath was a beautiful day summer. Rose and Abby went to their Sab-bath-school class, and to church, and then sat down at home to read their library books. They could not read much, however, there was such a noise in the room at one side purpose. Other doctors were called; but none of them could waken the boy from that lethargy, although they did all that human skill could do. Sweet Charley never woke in this world again. He lay several days in this stu-

physician ever tries to waken any one—a calmer, paler, colder sleep than the other had been. Charley, my dear children, was, dead.

His dear little body was strewn with roses, as it lay in its small resewood coffin, and sprinkled with the saddest tears of Margaret and the other sisters. The father did not shed any the other sisters. The father did not shed any the other sisters. The father did not shed any the other sisters. The father did not shed any the other sisters.

angry, and his breath was fiery with the fames titution of truth is concerned. Think of such of spirit, as he told them to go down into a statements as that the people are kept under certain cellar—giving them the key—and their teachers, "from fear that the missionaries oring each as many bottles as she could carry. Ca-can't you br-bring four bottles apiece?

he called after them. "Yes, pa," Rose answered, faintly. As they went down stairs, through the wide hall, Abby whispered to her sister—
"Oh, Rose! I am afraid he'll make me drink

me more of that poison stuff! Oh dear!"
"He can't make me!" Rose said, very firm-"Don't you know what the litle girl there And both who were accustomed to singing

songs together, joined in the chorus, as they as they are false. Indeed, their baseness is went slowly from step to step-

the house cat, who lay napping on the rug be- send their whining beggars around the world rebellious heart. So he tried to forget his sor- fore the door. They did more: they reached asking alms in Christ's name, to contribute to the ears of the father, in the midst of his rev-

How! Was he fallen so low as to be re- at the seamen's chaplain; slanders the Gov proved, taught, by his very children—his own despised, neglected little girls? He leaned his the pamphlet is a cruel and base attack upon head on his hands, and tried to clear it from men and women, both foreign and native, of the mist of drunkenness. He seemed to hear | whom she knew little or nothing, and who are his blessed wife's tone in that clear sound of singing. It was as though the sky had opened above him, and Charley and Charley's mother this she does where, with a little pains-taking, two angels all in white, had looked down on she might have obtained full and accurate inhim, and bidden him "never drink any more!" formation of the state of things in 1820, and "I never will!" he solemnly exclaimed, of the changes which have since taken place.

within his heart, at that moment. He started up; but, recollecting himself, he sat down, just as his pale, sad, sorrowful-looking little girls the attacks of this false and vile woman, for came back with their arms full of the bottles only a vile and false woman could have penned he had demanded. He could not look in their so shameless a pamphlet. But I feel that she faces, nor speak to them, but motioned to them has not merely attacked us; she has reproachto go out. He then uncorked the bottles, and ed the God of missions, who has wrought by

other drop.

That night he did not sleep an hour. Early out found, and all that can intoxicate!" Margaret was looking sad, when he came

She looked up, bewildered-afraid to believe what she most wished on earth. "I have signed the pledge!" he said, looking

school bonnets on their heads, ready to go out. They did not know what to make of their quiet, They had not much time for wondering; their father, with a look of love in his face that had never fallen on them before, caught them

both in his arms, and drawing them to his 'My children! my angels! you have saved

And, bending his head over them, the strong man wept as a babe.

"Oh, God forgive me!" he exclaimed, a last, brokenly. "I have enough to live for!"

That pledge was kept—that family is happy

LETTER FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS MAKAWAO MANI, May 8, 1852.

To the Editor of the National Era .

" The Sandwich Islands as they are, they should be." This is the title of a pamph-let of 18 pages, by Mrs. E. M. W. Parker, San Francisco, which now lies before me. You may see it ere this letter reaches you, for I may see it ere this fetter reaches you, for it suppose the authoress prepared this choice morceau for her friends of the United States, and of the South particularly, as she is evidently partial to the institution of slavery. From a sense of duty I hasten to prepare an antidote to the bane; for though I think that the great majority of your readers will see at a glance that no dependence can be placed on the accuracy of the statements here made, still some may be deceived, and ignorantly condemn the missionaries and the people There are also found everywhere, those who which is told of missionaries. I am not un-willing, moreover, to let our friends see how we and our people are sometimes treated Allow me, then, to make a few brief remarks

on the said pamphlet; I will be as brief as pos

I find no fault with the title of the pamphet-" The Sandwich Islands as they are, not as they should be." I think I could write at least sighteen pages on this title, and I see no objection to speaking and writing of them in this style, just as we might write or speak of the United States, or of the British Islands, as they are, not as they should be. Who believes that the United States are all that they should be? Who of the missionaries at these islands has said, or hinted, that the state of things was as it should be? It is marvellous that any person of reflection should attempt to fix odium on a degraded pagan nation, because in thirty years from the commencement of labors in their behalf, it is not elevated to the highest possible state of Christian civilization. A former laborer at the islands, writing on the unreasonable expectations of many in regard to the speedy regeneration of a heathen nation, employs this forcible language: "And if in twenty, or thirty, or forty years, you can heave up a nation from the unfathomable depths, and place it on a firm underpinning at the same altitude with New England society, we shall stand aghast with apprehension that the that nothing can be told us too strange for be-lief; and that no fabric of a night vision is so baseless, but that it may be substantially real-So much for the title of the pamphlet.

have no objection whatever to the wording. If used, as it doubtless is, as a term of reproach, is has no force whatever. 2. The authoress ascertained what the islands

scribing the islands as they are. Do you marvel at this woman's facility in acquiring knowledge? I can tell you in a short compass. She had, all except what she says she saw—viz: coffee growing wild, indigenous cotton, and the boughs of the sandal wood, which almost meet over head, but which, gentle reader, is not found on Oahu, certainly not in the vicinity of the pale, or Pa-ra, as she calls it—I repeat, she had all what she has retailed as facts, from the more creatures who hang about hotels in

discovered.

to specify, for all is nearly alike, so far as deswill pray them to death;" that "Dr. Judd purchased 17,000 acres of land for fifty cents: that "three of the King's children "-she (the Queen) never had but one, which to my knowledge died of sickness at Lahaina, as I went at once, and saw the King and Queen, and the corpse of the child—"disappeared immediately after their birth;" were murdered, of course. And of the "missionaries being supported entirely by the gains of licentiousness.

are some of her statements.

3. The slanders of this woman are as crue! only exceeded by their want of truth. "No-no-no-no! speaking of the missionaries, she says—" My blood stirs with indignation, as I contemplate the echoes rang through the half, startling the unblushing effrontery of these people, who the pleasures of their own useless existence

I am ashamed I confess to say so much in defence of myself and missionary friends from passed them to his guests, excusing himself from taking any more. He did not touch another drop.

our instrumentality. One would think, from reading her pages, that not a single convert had been made here during the last thirty years, and notwithstanding the immense the next morning he went out, found, and amount of money expended. Indeed, she exsigned the pledge of Total Abstinence from pressly says, not that she thinks, or in her opinion, but says- The wonderful accounts of revivals and reformations which have reachagain to his home. Poor girl, she saw nothing ed them, (the people of the United States,) only out ruin before her father and his whole famexist in the brains of the inventors," &c. She ily. He sat down by her side and spoke to adds—"The most important changes which her more affectionately than he had done for the missionaries have effected are, inducing the natives to go to church, and to wear bonnets.' "Margaret, my daughter," he said, in a trembling voice, "I have made a promise, which, by God's help, I will keep till my dying adds—" and even of the latter, (wearing bonnets,) they made a good speculation; for they purchased them in Boston, at a shilling each,

dollars, imposing a fine on all females who did firmly in her face.

"Oh, father!" she began, lifted her hands, readers that, as the result of thirty years of not wear a bonnet in church." She tells her clasped them together; and turning instantly missionary labor among the Hawaiians, the lecture; and perhaps you will find out what is away, she began to cry aloud, like a little child people "have sunk into the position of slaves: that fined imprisoned whiched for ence, and stripped of everything they writhe and would doubtless rebel, but for the fear of being prayed to death by the missionaries They do, it seems, die from this cause; and she concludes this part of her story by exclaim-

and sold them to the natives for three and five

ing, "Oh! Superstition! thou friend of misonaries and terror of barbarians!" But for the forbearance of God, whom she insults by these mulicious, slanderous false hoods, she might tremble lest his anger should scathe her at once. Let me say to her, through your columns, a day is coming, and it may be near at hand, when you will stand at the bar of Eternal Justice, and meet the charges which here you made against them. Let not a moment be lost in re-examining these charges and ascertaining, as you surely will, their fals hood. Seek forgiveness of Him whose servants

ly deceived in making the statement contained in your pamphlet. Thus show that you have the feelings of an honorable, truth-loving wo-man. May God in mercy grant you genuine But, Mr. Editor, I have not quite done with this woman, who has so disgraced her sex by writing so false and malicious a pamphlet, though, but for the cause of holy freedom, I would not add another syllable. After saying that the men "will not work," and that "they are absolutely unable to perform hard labor if they would,"—both of which statements are absolutely and outrageously false-she denies that, under any form of government, they would become valuable subjects. She adds— "Whether eventually these islands should be annexed to the United States, or become an independent republic, the introduction of slavery is indispensable to their value." She pronounces that, from the nature of the climate,

Slavery will certainly exist ere many years be

A straw indicates the current, my dear sir

no less than an important plank. Mrs. Parker

was from California, and has returned thither I heard, just before I saw this pamphlet, from a gentleman living at Honolulu, who said that he supposed some of the passengers of the Game Cock, who landed at the Islands last autumn, came down to see if they could establish slavery among us. It is said that they broke open the mail on their way down, and destroyed some of the contents. The news of their intention reached us before they came, and special means were used to frustrate their designs. They have mostly returned; but I shall be happily disappointed, if either that company, or some other equally desperate, is not upon us to survey our fields, and plant the vile institution of slavery, we are so near California! And do you not hear that in some way slavery is likely to be introduced into that country? In God may we confide always—to Him look for aid at all times. But when we turn away from His throne, all is dark and The heart sinks in discouragement. What may be his purposes relative to the sys-tem of slavery, how soon and in what way it shall terminate, we cannot tell. But of one thing I am almost certain. Unless there is a striking change among you at home on this subject, so striking as to cause the whole sys-tem to be loathed and destroyed, slavery will be introduced into California, and its mildewed breath will wither the few green spots of that gold-cursed land, and we shall hear again of the monster. He will creep over the Pacific which separates us, and unless the mercy of God prevents, we shall feel his grasp, and see our people writhing in chains. God grant that I may be mistaken! but I solemnly believe

2. The authoress ascertained what the islands were in an incredibly short space of time. She touched at Lahaina, and was there a part of one day—long enough, however, to learn that coffee grew wild, and that cotton is indigenous—neither of which is true; and a great many other things, which were all new to me. At Honolulu and immediate vicinity she remained a few weeks; but with her intuitive skill in acquiring knowledge, she felt herself competent to write a pamphlet, "The Sandwich Islands as they are." The venerable Mr. Thurston, who has been on the ground thirty-two years, would shrink from the task of describing the islands as they are. Do you marvel at this woman's facility in acquiring knowledge? I can tell you in a short compass. She had, all except what she says she saw—viz: and I think I shall not be atone in my opposi-tion to this accursed thing. Though many, in my opinion, of the foreign residents among us, would not lift a finger to keep out slavery; may, would rejoice in its introduction, that they might thereby obtain laborers with less trouble upon us and upon the people. Some among us would lay down life if that would save us from the infliction of so tremendous an evil. Those